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and most thoughtful study of facts. Truth is essential to the perfect result, fact to the perception of truth, and, as in one sense, each truth comes to be a fact in reference to a higher and more comprehensive truth; there is established a progressive series from the lowest fact to the highest truth of which series, the art of any given artist occupies probably but small space, but in which space nothing may be omitted without detracting from the perfection of his works.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF AN ARTIST.

BY JACK TUPPER.

NO. VI.

(Reminiscences Continued.)

We students of Greek Art, in the Elgin Room, regarded with ineffable contempt the poor benighted Townleyites. To begin—to vegetate there until they should attain some growth, was intelligible; but how they could stagnate in the *Pontine marsh*, when clear-eyed Danaë were waiting to hand them to the *Aeropoli* into fair air, was extraordinary!

We passed through their ranks every morning, neither looking to the right nor the left, and walked directly into Greece. I had some position in that country:—anatomist in ordinary to Theseus. Neither was my class inattentive while I lectured on the knee of this worthy, or pointed out some undiscovered tendon, or hitherto undreamed of ligament. We were philosophers investigating *nature*. These were not factitious products, whereof the amount is known. We believed in the *infinite marble*, doubting not that muscles might reveal themselves on Thursday which defied our scrutiny on Tuesday. We made *discoveries* in the Theseus; laid our hands on the awful shoulders, between the great collar-bones, and felt for the beating of his heart.

That "arch of the ribs," as it is called, which, wise moderns say, the ancients exaggerated purposely (they confound Greeks and Romans under that name), was *not* the arch of the ribs, but a "marking," or irregular curve, compounded of several segments, now bone, now muscle, and now tendon, misunderstood by the Romans, and therefore misrepresented by them. Then the "Greek arm" moved from the sternum, the Pectoral leaped from the chest, and when one arm is advanced and the other brought back, as in the Theseus, from all along the right side of the sternum, the Pectoral flies forward to the arm, veiling the rib-heads beneath it; while, on the sternum's left, where the Pectoral fibres are strained over the chest as the left arm draws them back—there the rib-heads are discovered; and you fancy the marble is harder there. Sometimes a fashionable drawing-master, strolling round the Gallery, would vouchsafe a word of instruction. I appealed to one as an authority whereby to confirm these views, and asked him the cause of this want of symmetry at the sternum of the Theseus, as also of the fuller pronunciation of the ribs on one side the chest than on the other, which appeared

in other Greek works, but which I never met with in Roman. He replied, to my miserable discomfiture, "That probably in Greek works, which were more ancient than Roman, the marble was worn more on that side than on the other." I thanked him, not troubling him further. He soon went to the Townley students, and leaving the seeds of his sagacity in that soil, they rose up some time after to confute me. Some of these gentlemen would advocate the "Stump," others the "Point;" some were for French clalk, others for Italian; some for a plumbline, others for none. "A knowledge of anatomy," they said, "was indispensable; the muscles, and the ends of the bones; but as to fasciæ and aponeuroses, they were for surgeons, and better left alone." I was for anatomy more than ever, declaring that a *little* was dangerous. Anatomy and Perspective, I said, were the grammar of the Art. The students might call it mechanical, but what was their pains-taking about crayons, and stumps, and stretching-frames? "I work by *feeling*, somehow," said one of these impulsive ones,—"you work by *science* and *rule*." "Not entirely," I said, "and when I design, and whistle, and make verses, I sometimes forget rules altogether; but the next time you use the plumbline, I advise you to shut both your eyes." Even the Townleyites gave it against him: so I was victor for that day. And I maintained this ascendancy a long time after, till one evening, in the flush of my triumph—I had been striding about with Galt, tonguing anatomical—in came this very student at a moment when my friend, who had just applied his stethoscope to the chest of the Theseus, was listening gravely at the end of it. "Healthy," he said, looking from the student towards me, "and proves the pathology of the Greeks?" Diabolical laughter rang through the building: Galt would have reinstated me, but it was too late. He ruined the cause of anatomy from that hour; and often would these incorrigible scoffers come, while I was at work, and laying their greasy heads on the chest of my statue, pronounce the words "*healthy, dz.*" and the old infernal laughers recommenced!

I worked away, notwithstanding the jeers of the students, and in the same spirit. The marbles in the Elgin Room were miserably placed, the light falling on both sides of them, and shifting with the sun so fast as to render morning and afternoon study from the same statue impossible. Boughton was my morning companion while I was modelling the Iliissus. He was one whom I had converted from Rome, and took a curious interest in, on account of a contra-artistic business-like prudence which, blending with a true love for Art, made him, to me, incomprehensible. Talking as he would be of "connexions," "scales of prices," and "establishing himself," I liked him notwithstanding; and began to be uneasy when this most diligent of students had been absent for some days now, his drawing of the Neptune (Poseidon, we called it) not finished, and he not one to change his mind. Going into the dark regions of Townley to enquire, I almost passed a great canvas behind which the deluded creature stood, brandishing his brush, and doing a Bacchus, in monochrome. He had been at it for days too, and the

thing was nearly finished. "Fallen back to Rome?" I said. "Thou didst run well!" and he laughed, I thought, very irreverently. "Tis an order," he whispered, "I return to Poseidon to-morrow." "Yes," I said, "but it is restored by Nollekeus—and you have copied the restorations!" "An order, an order, my dear fellow!—'strong necessity,' you know; and I've laughed myself ill for my punishment to see you pass every morning, for four days, without finding me out. I knew where you were, but thought it would be tempting the gods to visit you out of this region,—noli me tangere!—I take a warm bath to-night."

Not long after this, I began to prepare for the Academy. There was no debating as to "subject," with the Theseus before me: though of late the Iliissus had seemed quite its equal; but then this last was a fragment. The Theseus, far from entire, was too perfect, I thought, in another sense, to be rejected by the Academy, though friends hinted the danger of my experiment, and suggested the "Drunk Fawn," as a subject more likely to succeed. This I utterly negated as a "beast of a thing that no sober Christian would look at;" and went on with my model for a fortnight, till informed, in so many words, that the council of the Academy demanded a *figure, not a part of one*; and that this would not be received. I yielded, resistance being useless; resolving, however, to finish my Theseus, and to select at leisure from the Townley Gallery something less execrable than the "Drunk Fawn." For the Townleyites, who, quoting Byron, said the Elgin Room was all "misshapen monuments and maimed antiques" were right, as to the last: there was not a perfect figure to be found there. My choice was "Hobson's;" and having fixed upon the Discobolos of Myron as the most Greek thing in the place, though this was far from "Phidian," it only remained to summon resolution, and return, humbled and compromised, to the society of those Townleyites. I did so at last;

"And strait a barbarous noise environed me,
Of owls, and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs!"

The yelping, the mocking, and the hooting! I had learned professional patience; and told them that, if they were really glad I had "reconsidered Human Art," I was glad also. It was all over in a day; and my Basso of Discobolos went on.

The museum is a good school of Art, and likewise a good school for the artist. Here are turbulent days for the public, and intervening silent ones for the student. But the student can, if he will, work on both these days. He can measure the popular capacity for Art by listening to group after group that will successively gather about him. Their voices will fall on his ear as peremptorily as rain on his head; he cannot demand patience, cannot suspend judgment, cannot defer execution; the palm or the axe is lifted behind him; but *which* he knows not, till it falls.

While his hands are busy on the paper, he is painting pictures somewhere else; he lays in the shadow of an arm, and knows the voice that calls it "so much black," will never applaud his "entombment." Shadowy entombments will not suit the people

any more than foreshortened angels? They say that arm is too short.

So much is stirring around; but more is stirring within. The crowd rub past, and move on, upsetting his *crayons* or his *bread*, looking at his work, not at him; he sees himself, however; he sees, moreover, ten years in advance, the same hurry, the same crowd, the same critics, and his bread, perhaps sliding away from him. It is his first "exhibition" and his first "critique." Next day is private and silent. Walk into another chamber, an echo gets up to reprove you—the hollow cough of Time, whose sleep your footsteps have broken! For the long Roman gallery, with round, dusky skylights, has emperors in permanent gloom, silent two thousand years; silent senators and sages; eagles, mistresses, and winecupps silent. And Egypt is silent on these days. The obelisk shadows Anubis; Anubis shadows the sphinx; the sphinx, an open sarcophagus. The student sees their monstrous perspective, but does not go there; and the Elgin Room is silent; the silence of pale light floats over the marble, the seated grandeurs, and the columns. The shadow is washed off, and the form, no longer solid, becomes ghostly: the marble looks out through the shadow. I sat by a white-robed Ionian, a summer's day, her luminous hands a little warm, her hair sunk on to her shoulder. I saw her going up the rock of the city. I followed her with the maidens to the Temple; I saw them in the steady sun; my hands would not work, for my purpose was changed; to sit looking at this white-robed Ionian, till my heart getting far into Greece, I said: "Lodestar, Pasithoe, lodestar of Athens, your soul, and your eyes are deep. The young men of Athens seek you, Pasithoe; your eyes, not the proud neck and wilful shoulder. What though your fingers broidered the Peplos, the young men are riding on unconquerable horses, the sages and poets walk, tempering the harp to the rhythm of entangled verse: do you listen to the harp and the wrangle of the reins, with eyes in the dust, Pasithoe?" So I idled with the marble Grecian, and went away at sunset. The streets rolled out a strange black humanity with black truncated shafts upon their heads. The city, a transitory lifted scurf, with a blistered tumescence for a dome, and many-forked fungi for spires, was all to be swept down by wholesome winds, that the ancient vegetation might return; for this having been a day of dreams and wanderings in old lands, up and down two-and-twenty centuries, our race here, with all its fragile appearances of houses, seemed just a speck in time, or casual exposition of the earth, not to be numbered in the tale of years.

Twice a week the student gets this remote view of "humanity;" thrice he is rubbed hard against it, and as worldly, with the people all about him, as the best man of business in the city is. Thrice a week, then, I studied my position in the world; twice I was out of it altogether. Still, this is strictly my *own* experience, since profane ones there were, even on students' days, who rolled halfpence from one end of the Elgin Room to the other, poised them on their hands, and shuffled along seats, pelled missiles both of bread and clay, and "leap-frogged" the owl of Minerva. The advertisement, "*Athletic uprights* going

to commence," or "here goes over the owl," would sometimes dispel my *Hellenics*. These were exceptional cases, however, mainly confined to lunch-time. The Townley Gallery, where I now worked, though not so profuse or literally rolling in coin as the Elgin Room, partly from want of space, and partly from certain officials in its vicinity, was nevertheless most liberal in its "distribution of bread," wherever an unostentatious corner could be found for the act of benevolence. Neither age nor sex was spared; and young ladies, in love with Antinous, might be seen, with distressed eyebrows, extricating such missiles from their curls. My model was literally studded with them, and nothing, I believe, but the threat to retaliate with *clay*, enabled me to finish it, which I did shortly after. It was finished at the end of June, 1840. Brucciani cast it successfully, and early in July, accompanied by the required "testimony to moral character from some respectable person," it was deposited in the care of G. Jones, Esq., R.A., Keeper of the Royal Academy. J. T.

GROTESQUE RENAISSANCE.

(From *Stones of Venice*.)

"It is not, however, in every symbolical subject that the fearful grotesque becomes embodied to the full. The element of distortion which affects the intellect when dealing with subjects above its proper capacity, is nothing compared with that which it sustains from the direct impressions of terror. It is the trembling of the human soul in the presence of death which most of all disturbs the images on the intellectual mirror, and invests them with the fitfulness and ghastliness of dreams. And from the contemplation of death, and of the pangs which follow his footsteps, arise in men's hearts the troop of strange and irresistible superstitions which, more or less melancholy or majestic according to the dignity of the mind they impress, are yet never without a certain grotesqueness, following on the paralysis of the reason and over-excitement of the fancy. I do not mean to deny the actual existence of spiritual manifestations; I have never weighed the evidence on the subject; but with these, if such exist, we are not here concerned. The grotesque which we are examining arises out of that condition of mind which appears to follow naturally upon the contemplation of death, and in which the fancy is brought into morbid action by terror, accompanied by the belief in spiritual presence, and in the possibility of spiritual apparition. Hence are developed its most sublime, because its least voluntary creations, aided by the fearfulness of the phenomena of Nature which are in any wise the ministers of death, and primarily directed by the peculiar ghastliness of expression in the skeleton, itself a species of terrible grotesque in its relation to the perfect human frame.

Thus, first born from the dusty and dreadful whiteness of the charnel-house, but softened in their forms by the holiest of human affections, went forth the troop of wild and wonderful images, seen through tears, that had the mastery over our Northern hearts for so many ages. The powers of sudden destruction lurking in the woods and waters, in the rocks and clouds; kelpie

and gnome, Lurlei and Hartz spirits; the wrath and foreboding phantom; the spectra of second sight; the various conceptions of avenging or tormented ghosts, haunting the perpetrator of crime, or expiating its commission; and the half fictitious and contemplative, half visionary and believed images of the presence of death itself, doing its daily work in the chambers of sickness and sin, and waiting for its hour, in the fortalices of strength and the high places of pleasure; these, partly degrading us, by the instinctive and paralyzing terror with which they are attended, and partly ennobling us, by leading our thoughts to dwell in the external world, fill the last and the most important circle in that great kingdom of dark and distorted power, of which we all must be, in some sort, the subjects, until mortality shall be swallowed up of life; until the waters of the last fordless river cease to roll their untransmutable volume between us and the light of heaven, and neither death stand between us and our brethren, nor symbols between us and our God.

Extracts from the "Conclusion."

There is not at this moment a junior student in our schools of painting who does not know fifty times as much about the Art as Giotto did; but he is not for that reason greater than Giotto; no, nor his work better, nor fitter for our beholding. Let him go on to know all that the human intellect can discover and contain in the term of a long life, and he will not be one inch, one line, nearer to Giotto's feet. But let him leave his academy benches, and innocently, as one knowing nothing, go out into the highways and hedges, and there rejoice with them that rejoice, and weep with them that weep; and in the next world, among the companies of the great and good, Giotto will give his hand to him, and lead him into their white circles, and say, "This is our brother."

We have just seen that all great art is the work of the whole living creature, body and soul, and chiefly of the soul. But it is not only the *work* of the whole creature; it likewise *addresses* the whole creature. That in which the perfect being speaks, must also have the perfect being to listen. I am not to spend my utmost spirit, and give all my strength and life to my work, while you, spectator or hearer, will give me only the attention of half your soul. You must be all mine, as I am all yours; it is the only condition on which we can meet each other. All your faculties, all that is in you of greatest and best, must be awake in you, or I have no reward. The painter is not to cast the entire treasure of his human nature into his labor, merely to please a part of the beholder; not merely to delight his senses, not merely to amuse his fancy, not merely to beguile him into emotion, not merely to lead him into thought; but to do *all* this. Senses, fancy, feeling, reason, the whole of the beholding spirit, must be stilled in attention or stirred with delight; else the laboring spirit has not done its work well. For observe, it is not merely its *right* to be thus met, face to face, heart to heart; but it is its *duty* to evoke this answering of the other soul: its trumpet-call must be so clear that, though the challenge may, by